

THE POST.
WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.
At Lebanon, Ky., By
W. W. JACK.
TERMS:—The Post will be furnished to subscribers at the following rates:
One year, in advance, \$2 00
If paid within six months, 2 50
At the end of the year, 3 00

Poet's Corner.

For the Post.

On The Death of Henry Clay.
A Nation in tears,
And a pall of mourning droops around
The bleeding heart of young America.
The scenes of nature are veiled in grief,
Portent upon the space of the upper deep
Dark, fiery clouds roll madly onward.
The twilight hour came—the darkest of the day
And with upon the faded messenger of the storm,
Came this sentence—"HE HAS FALLEN!"
Oh! America!
The ruler of fifty bright and glorious destiny
At last is calm and very cold to death,
Not thou art left, a type of his own wisdom,
The "Star" that led him to glory and renown.
When noisy faction shook thy trembling coture,
"Twas there he placed the power of his unquailing foot
With a firm grasp on thy frozen North,
And o'er upon the flowery cliffs of the South
While his voice in the Senate chamber cried—
UNION, ETERNAL UNION!
Long years have passed
Since we gazed upon his tall, commanding form,
And heard the words of everlasting wisdom
Fall from his lips, all powerful with eloquence.
But "his pen was dipped to a Fountain of Light,"
And forth from the point of inspiration
Came leaping this beautiful word—"UNION!"
Then, may we not mourn,
Since the great, the good, the wise has fallen?
Whose chords are not more than wildly thrilled
To know that our own CLAY has fallen?
The glorious original is dimmed forever,
Yet its light and power are immortal—
The reflection will blaze majestically upward,
And linger "TILL TIME SHALL BE NO MORE,"
And point the rising generation to a destiny
That is brighter than this. HENRIE.
HARRISTOWN, Ky., June 29th 1852.

Communicated.
For the Post.
BARDSTOWN, Ky., June 23d '52.
Friend Jack:
Are you a sailor? Your name is mighty
salt, and I think if it had a little tar stuck
to it, that you would be a real *Jack Tar*.
I know you are no land-lubber, for no
Jack ever was, and if you are not a de-
ciple of Old Neptune, you are Capt. Jack
on the sea of Literature.
If you have never smelt bilge-water,
swung a hammock, or lived on salt-junk, I
know you are a sailor anyhow in the way
of yarns, for I have seen many good ones
in the old "*Mercury*," and the new "*Post*."
Now put a big quid o' baccy in your
starboard cheek, Capt. Jack, and jump in
your hammock, and listen to a yarn which
I will spin for the Post, with your leave.
Just imagine Sandy and I, triggered out
in our toys—gaff-top-sail boots on, flying-
jib-shirt set, claw hammock jacket hauled
home, hair combed fore and aft, and bat
set chock down over our starboard glims.
We too passage on the Telegraph, Capt.
C. H. King, master; the cabin being full,
we had to stow ourselves away, on top of
everything, which was piled on the coach.
I brought up on a band-box, which is al-
ways stowed away in the way; and my
friend Sandy came against the box and
stove it in; but it happened to be empty.
Some fellow put this empty box on, after
insuring it, thinking to gain by the opera-
tion; for you see hat-boxes are sure to cave
in, when on top of a stage.
"There," said the fellow, "there's \$5 gone; that's a
bran new hat I paid a V. for in Louisville.
My shipmate Sandy, having traveled, was
up to snuff, undid the box, well tied up,
looked for the new hat; but it was minus
a hat. Then the fellow swore that was
not his box; and his must be lost. He was
in a bad box, as well as his box, and swore
he'd have nothing more to do with a box,
that had to be boxed about so much. Some
of the passengers were speculating as to
whom would be the next president; others
told of their travels and the wonders
they had seen. Two were amusing them-
selves by making conundrums; one asked
the other why he was like a pine near the
road. The apt answer was: Because you
are green. Then said his companion,
why are you not like that pine? Because
you have no resin (reason).
Capt. K. had backed his main top-sail,
and laid too, abreast of Commodore Saw-
bones' castle, situated on a charming emi-
nence commanding a view of the pictur-
esque port of Auburn.
Having told you how the land lay, let
introduce you to the commodore and fam-
ily. He is the personification of Kentucky
hospitality; and his lady is all that she
would be, and makes all feel at home a-
round her; and his charming daughters,
whom I fear to describe, so difficult is it,
and fearing to fall short of what should be
said, and for fear you'd think I was
stuck by an arrow, shot from a pair of
the brightest eyes that Cupid ever nestled
in.

"The heart like a tendril, accustomed to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone;
But lean to the nearest and loveliest thing.
It can twine with itself and make closely its
own."
These are my private sentiments publicly
expressed; and if you think I am in
love, you can win

THE LEBANON POST.

THE PRESS—THE SHIELD OF THE UNION—THE DEFENDER OF EQUAL RIGHTS.
VOL. 1, LEBANON, WEDNESDAY, JULY 7, 1852. NO. 10.

Two of the Commodore's sons were at home, but, as I know you are like my-
self, not much interested in the gentlemen,
I will merely pass them by; they are chips
of the old block. There was another gen-
tleman, at the house, paying his devotions to
one of the daughters. We'll call him
Timber-head; he will figure hereafter.
As there was to be an exhibition at the
village school-house, we all concluded to
go and see the show, and take a birds-eye-
view of the fair ladies, who we heard fully
confirmed these lines,
Bright, bright are the beams of the morning sky,
And sweet dews, the red blossoms sip,
But brighter far are the beams of dear woman's
eye,
And sweeter the dew on her lip.
We rarely ever saw so many bright eyes
and sweet lips, in so small a gathering.—
Sandy and I were fortunate enough to
have the pleasure of escorting some of
these bright eyes to and from the exhibi-
tion; but as we are not sailing on our course
altogether, I will put up my helm and lay
close, till we get through the exhibition.
We found the school-house filled, and
also surrounded by persons.
Parents anxiously awaiting to see their
children appear on the stage; sisters and
brothers fearing their brothers or sisters
would not appear as well as they had when
at school, or that they would let some other
scholars out do them.
Some were there just to see the show as
they called it;—and some to make remarks
and find fault, because they could not live
without finding fault.
Everything seemed, so far as the stage
and its arrangements went, to be perfect,
and to wear the air of a real Theatre—we
were astonished to see everything so well
arranged, but even more astonished when
we saw little children, who three months
ago could not read, appear in difficult
pieces, and recite them with ease and
without hesitation. Some of the pieces
were very affecting. These beautiful lines
of Moore's
"Farewell! but whenever you welcome the
hours, &c."
were repeated by Miss L. B. E., to Miss
H. M., and she repeated them with so
much feeling and pathos, that when she
repeated these two lines—
"You may break, you may shatter my heart if
you will,
But the remembrance of dear Harriet, will hang
round the still,"
there was scarcely a dry eye in the house.
These two bright girls bid fair to be bright
ornaments in society, and we hope, that
their path through this vain world, will be
as bright and sunny as their own sweet
faces are now. Hot-cockles, and several
pieces of this kind, were performed with
a great deal of humor by the boys.
Several of the young men of the place,
made speeches, one on Education, and one
comparing Aaron Burr, to Blinnahasset,
which were listened to with great interest.
But when our mirth-provoking Pedago-
gue came out in a comedy, with a Mr.
B.—who would make a star on any stage,
the whole house was in an uproar of ap-
plause.
A letter which was to be read in the
play was missing, but our Pedagogue, no-
thing abashed, filled up the place with
some of his own composition which was
truly original, rich, rare and peculiar, and
the thing went off much better than had
the original letter been in its place.
The entertainment wound up with the
farce of the Dumb Writer. My friend
Sandy and Timberhead were the actors in
this play; a cloak was thrown over them
both, and Timberhead who was to do the
speaking, was in front; Sandy in the
back-ground, his arms being thrust for-
ward so as to do the gesticulating. Tim-
berhead being down by his side, and hid
by the cloak.
When the curtain raised, Timberhead's
courage fell, and Sandy's gestures com-
menced by pulling Timberhead's nose near-
ly to the floor, and thereby making him
bow most profoundly, and at the same time
filling his nose with snuff, which set Tim-
berhead to sneezing, and added greatly to
his confusion. At last he stammered out
the real usual twang, interspersed with
sneezes, and touched off with gestures.
"Come before you, ladies and gentle-
men, to announce to you that I am a poor
fool from simpletown county, state of ig-
norance, and if it had not been for the
goodness of God, and several other gen-
tlemen, I would have been as smart as
any of you." The good folks looked with
wonder, amazement and surprise, wonder-
ing all the while what this could mean. The
curtain dropped, and out he popped,
swearing he'd never "appear in public on
the stage again."
We returned to the old Commodore after
the exhibition, and were entertained by
one of his daughters who sang and played
on the piano. As for myself, I could
have listened all night to the sweet melo-
dy of her soft and silvery voice. But the
drowsy god reminded us that it was time
to go to the land of dreams, and we bid
good night to the ladies, hoping they might
have pleasant dreams, and sweet slum-
bers.
Morpheus had encircled his gentle arms
around us, and we were dreaming of bright
stars, and brighter eyes, when the soft, low
notes of music came stealing o'er our
senses, and we imagined we were in some
fairly land; at last the strains ceased, and

we were left to dream of bright eyes
again.
After breakfast the next morning, San-
dy and the Pedagogue went over to visit
the monks. I did not go, as I do not like
any one that does not love the Ladies.
"Is there a heart that never loved,
Nor felt sweet woman's sigh?
Is there a man, can mark unmov'd
Dear woman's tearful eye?"
In the evening, Miss A., Sandy and I
called on Capt. Bowline's family. I had
known the Capt. for a long time, having
become acquainted with him on the river
when we were steamboating, and many
long years have we span together about
our times when we were boating. I am a
fresh water sailor, as well as an old salt,
and can make a bow-line in a tow-line as
well as take a reef in a top-sail. I hope
the fair Beva, his daughter, will excuse
me for not introducing her before. Beva
is a bright and merry little fairy, warning
the hearts of all around her with her bright
smiles and merry laugh. She made a per-
fect Luna-tick of my friend Sandy at first
sight, and he stuck so tight to her side,
during our stay, that I thought he already
imagined himself enjoying the *Honey
Moon*.
We bid adieu to the Capt. and his fair
daughter, and drove to the Commodore's,
where we took in the little beauty who
had so affected the audience on the pre-
vious night with her beautiful lines, and
drove to the Sulphur Springs, about two
miles distant. We had a delightful ride
and returned to supper just as the Com-
modore's kind lady had given us out. We
did justice to her good things, Sandy re-
marking that by eating much (by the way
he is fond of good living) we complimented
our kind lady more than all the praise
our lips could utter as "actions spoke loud-
er than words" in such matters, and he
backed his theory with a goodly amount of
practice. I was not far behind in taking
in a good cargo of provisions, and when
having finished, I felt in a good humor
with myself and the rest of mankind, and
hoping that this yarn will find you in a
good humor, and leave you in the same
condition, and that you will *Post* me as be-
ing the biggest fool that ever appeared
before a *Post*, and hoping that *The Post*
will hold me up, and not allow me to be
disgraced.
I am your very Obt. Servant & Friend
SLUMKEY.

Th. Strasburg Clock.
The great clock in the cathedral at
Strasburg—Europe—has been described
by one who particularly examined it, as
follows. The letter was written by a
traveler who was in that country during
the political difficulties a few years since:
"The priests and military have retired,
and I am now sitting in a chair facing the
gigantic clock—from the bottom to the top
not less than one hundred feet—and many
strangers are waiting to see the working
of this clock when it strikes the hour of
noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It
now wants five minutes to twelve. The
clock is struck, and the people are gone,
except a few, whom the sexton, or head
man, with a wand and sword, is conduct-
ing around the building. The clock is
struck in this way: The dial is some twenty
feet from the floor, on each side of
which is a cherub, or a little boy with a
mallet, and over the dial there is a small
bell. The cherub on the left strikes the
first quarter, and the one on the right the
second quarter. Some fifty feet over the
dial, in a large niche, is a huge figure of
Time, a bell in his left, a scythe in his right
hand. In front stands a figure of a young
man with a mallet, who strikes the third
quarter on the bell in the hand of Time,
and then glides, with a slow step, round
behind Time; out comes an old man, raises
his mallet, and places himself in front of
him. As the hour of twelve comes, the
old man raises his mallet and deliberately
strikes twelve on the bell, that echoes
through the building, and is heard round
the region of the church. Then the old
man glides slowly behind Father Time,
and the young man come round again.
"Soon as the old man has struck twelve
and disappeared, another set of machinery
is put in motion, some twenty feet higher
still. It is this: There is a high cross with
an image of Christ on it. The instant
twelve has struck, one of the apostles
walks out from behind, comes out in front,
facing the cross, bows, and walks round
to his place. As he does so, another comes
out in front, turns, bows, and passes in;
so twelve apostles, figures large as life,
walk round, bow, and pass on. As the
last appears, an enormous cock, perched
on the clock, flaps his wings three times
so loud as to be heard outside of the
church to some distance, and so naturally
as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then
all is as silent as death. No wonder this
clock is the admiration of Europe. It was
made in 1500, and has performed these
mechanical wonders ever since, except
about fifty years, when it was out of re-
pair."

A PEXING PREACHER.—A field preach-
er, who had been a printer, observed in
the usual harangue, that "youth might be
compared to a *commat*: manhood to a *commat*:
old age to a *commat*: which
death puts a *priest*."

Select Tales.
A SHARPER OUT-WITTED.
Madame Dorimine had enjoyed the
pleasure of widowhood for five or six
years, when, through the spirit of incon-
stancy that does not permit a woman to
be content with an enjoyment long pos-
sessed, she began to think of marrying
again. During the last winter, the amia-
ble widow had assiduously frequented the
most distinguished ball and concerts of
the Chaussee d'Antin, had taken her part
in the polkas and mazourkas of the sea-
son, and figured as patroness in ever en-
terprise for elegant charity. She was ev-
erywhere—at the opera, and at all public
entertainments, and so well chaperoned
and so discreet in her deportment, that the
fine teeth of aristocratic coarseness, al-
ways sharp-set, could make not the slight-
est impression upon a character at once
solid and brilliant as the diamond. As the
tendency of the fair widow's inclinations
began to appear, she was gradually sur-
rounded by crowds of impassioned aspir-
ants, such as one would expect to meet
around a handsome young widow, with a
rent roll of 30,000 francs per annum. She
did not abuse her right to play the co-
quette, and her friends were not little sur-
prised to see her neglect the homage of
many agreeable and handsome young gen-
tlemen, and fix her choice upon Mr. Da-
mis. As for the age of Mr. D., he had
counted forty-five by all the clocks. He
carried it in his face, his figure, his man-
ner, his language, and all his habits of
body and mind. As for any resemblance
to Adonis in him, he never was guilty of
the slightest trait.
All his conversation was that of one
whose flowery season of life had been
spent in coining coppers into crowns, but
the valuable results of such a course of
life he had realized. His fortune amount-
ed to the round sum of a million. This
was the only merit to counterbalance his
defects; and under protection of which he
could be selfish, stupid, ignorant, egotist-
ical, vain or miserly, with impunity. That
Mr. D. possessed each of those character-
istics in all its native odiousness, none
could deny—but with his million, some-
how, they were not seen.
Was it the mysterious million that de-
cided Madame D., or had she yielded to
some secret resentment that sometimes
impels a beautiful woman to sacrifice her-
self for? We know nothing about that.
The marriage was, in fact, agreed upon.
The preparations were in progress. The
diamonds had been bought, and Mr. D.
had already ordered his wedding coat.
The preparations for the marriage con-
tract had caused Madame D. to change the
depository of her fortune. In this
movement the capital had passed through
the hands of a broker, who fell a victim to
the last crisis.
Mr. D. had not interfered in the matter.
He was supposed to be ignorant of it. A
relative of the widow seeks him, and ap-
praises him of the event. It fell upon him
like a thunderbolt. But he soon
resumed his self-possession, for his resolu-
tion was taken. "Do not spread this re-
port," said he; "Dorimine is still ignorant
of the misfortune that has befallen her; al-
low me to divert the revelation of it with
those precautions and consolations that I
alone can offer. But the widow knew all;
she had just received a letter from a mod-
est young man, who said to him, "Fortune
is no longer an obstacle to our union. You
are ruined, and I can now dare to profess
my love."
Such were the substance of three pages
of very impassioned composition which
Madame D. had just read with a very live-
ly interest; when one of those good friends
which one is sure to find in misfortune,
came in, and having tenderly embraced
her, offered the consolations of sympathy.
"My poor Dorimine, you have lost at
once your fortune and your lover; Mr. Da-
mis tenderly loves your income of 30,000,
but no that you have it no longer he will
refuse the honor of your hand."
"Do you believe it?" answers the wid-
ow.
"I am sure of it. Men are all the same,
and they have neither heart nor soul in
our times but for money."
While they were thus speaking, another
letter arrives. It was from Mr. Damis,
who addressed the widow as follows:
"I have melancholy news to impart—
Imprudently embarked in stock specula-
tions that all the world was crazy about, I
have been completely ruined by the sud-
den and violent fall of railroad shares. In
this critical situation, delicacy compels me
to abandon our proposed union. I re-
store your pledge, and await a reply from
you which shall say that we are mutually
free from our obligations." This is strange
thought the widow. "Is it possible that
he wishes to put my affection to the
proof?" Under this impression, but will-
ing also to be heart free, she replies to
him, "You are right. In the position
which we find ourselves, we should re-
nounce our proposed plans. I pity you
truly for the failure of your speculations,
and discharge you from your obligations."
As soon as Damis had received this an-
swer which he had expected with trem-
bling and solicitude, he hastened to the
house of the widow. "Pardon my ruse,"
said he, "and permit me to state things as

they are. It is not I who am ruined. It
is you."
"What do you tell me?" says the wid-
ow, with an astonished air, "I have never
speculated in stocks."
"Well, but you trusted your property to
a broker, did you not?"
"It is but too true."
"Well, he has failed."
"Did you know that before you wrote
to me?"
"Yes, and I wished also to know what
you would have done, had the misfortune
happened to me. Your action shall de-
cide mine. Do not be surprised then if I
refuse the connection."
"That is to say," said Madame D., "hav-
ing determined to withdraw, you wished
to procure from me something to justify
your conduct and preserve your reputa-
tion in society. You are then satisfied—
But you spoke of representing things as
they are. Allow me to assist you. You
say you are not ruined. I am very glad
of it. But neither am I, and I hope this
will afford you equal pleasure."
"What!" exclaimed Damis, "did you
not commit your property to a broker?"
"Yes, indeed; but I withdrew it fortu-
nately in season. Behold!" said she, open-
ing her desk.
"Oh, yes, thank God. All but a few
francs which remained in his hands. But
these I do not regret; they are little enough
for the lesson you have taught, and the
obligation you have restored me!"
This was broken off the marriage of
Mr. Damis with Madame Dorimine, but it
is nevertheless probable, adds the writer,
that the beautiful widow will, ere long, be
re-married.

A Singular Narrative.
Some ninety years ago there flourished
in Glasgow a club of young men,
which, from the extreme profligacy of its
members, and the licentiousness of their
orgies, was commonly called the Hell-
Fire-Club. Besides their nightly or week-
ly meetings, they held one grand annual
saturday, in which each tried to excel
the other in drunkenness and blasphemy;
and on these occasions there was no star
among them whose lurid light was more
conspicuous than that of young Mr. Archibald
B., who, endowed with brilliant
talents, and a handsome person, had held
out great promise in his boyhood, and
raised hopes which had been completely
frustrated by his subsequent reckless dis-
sipation.
One morning after returning from his
annual festival, Mr. Archibald B., having
retired to bed dreamed the following
dream:
He fancied that he himself was mount-
ed on a favorite black horse that he al-
ways rode, and that he was proceeding
towards his own house—then a country-
seat embowered by trees, and situated up-
a hill, now entirely built over, and form-
ing part of the city—when a stranger,
whom the darkness of the night prevented
his distinctly discerning, suddenly seized
his horse's rein, saying, "You must go
with me!"
"And who are you?" exclaimed the
young man, with a volley of oaths, whilst
he struggled to free himself.
"That you will see by and by," return-
ed the other, in a tone that excited unac-
countable terror in the youth; who, plung-
ing his spurs into his horse, attempted to
fly, but in vain. However fast the animal
flew, the stranger was still beside him, till
at length, in his desperate effort to escape,
the rider was thrown, but instead of being
dashed to the earth, as he expected,
he found himself falling—falling—falling
still, as if sinking into the bowels of the
earth.
At length, a period being put to his
mysterious descent, he found breath to in-
quire of his companion, who was still be-
side him, whither they were going.
"Where am I?—Where are you taking
me?" he exclaimed.
"To hell!" replied the stranger, and im-
mediately interminable echoes repeated
the fearful sound, "To hell! to hell! to
hell!"
At length a light appeared, which soon
increased to a blaze, but instead of cries,
and groans, and lamentings, the terrified
traveler expected, nothing met his ear but
sounds of music, mirth and jollity, and he
found himself at the entrance of a superb
building, far exceeding any he had seen
constructed by human hands. Within,
too, what a scene! No amusement, or
pursuit of man on earth, but was here be-
ing carried on with a vehemence that ex-
cited his unutterable amazement. "There
the young and lovely still swam through
the maze of the giddy dance! There the
panting steed still bore his brutal rider
through the excitement of the goaded
race! There, over the midnight bowl, the
intemperate still drewled out the wanton
song or maddened blasphemy! The gam-
bler plied forever his endless game, and
the slaves of Mammon toiled through
eternity their endless task; whilst all the
magnificence of earth paled before that
which now met his view.
He soon perceived that he was amongst
old acquaintances, whom he knew to be
dead; and each, he observed, was pur-
suing the object, whatever it was, that had
formerly engrossed him; when, finding
himself relieved of the presence of his

unwelcome conductor, he ventured to ad-
dress his former friend, Mrs. D., whom
he saw sitting, as had been her wont on
earth, absorbed at loo—requesting her to
rest from the game, and introduce him to
the pleasures of the place, which appear-
ed to him to be very unlike what he had
expected, and indeed an extremely agree-
able one. But with a cry of agony she
answered, that there was no rest in hell
that they must toil on at these very pleas-
ures; and innumerable voices echoed thro'
the interminable vaults, "There is no rest
in hell!" whilst throwing open their vests,
each disclosed in his bosom an ever burn-
ing flame! These, they said, were the
pleasures of hell; their choice on earth
was now their inevitable doom! In the
midst of the horror this scene inspired, his
conductor returned, and, at his earnest en-
treaty, restored him to earth; but, as he
quitted him, he said, "Remember! in a
year and a day we meet again."
At this crisis of the dream the sleeper
awoke, feverish and ill; and, whether from
the effects of the dream or of his prece-
ding orgies, he was so unwell as to be ob-
liged to keep his bed for several days, dur-
ing which period he had time for many
serious reflections, which terminated in a
resolution to abandon the club and his li-
centious companions altogether.
He was no sooner well, however, than
they flocked around him, bent on recover-
ing so valuable a member of their society;
and having wrong from him a confession of
the cause of his defection, which, as
may be supposed, appeared to them emi-
nently ridiculous, they soon contrived to
make him ashamed of his good resolutions.
He joined them again; resumed his for-
mer course of life, and when the annual sat-
urnalia came round, he found himself with
his glass in his hand, at the table; when
the president, rising to make the accus-
tomed speech, began with saying "Gen-
tlemen, this being leap year, it is a year
and a day since our last anniversary," &c.
The words struck upon the young man's
ear like a knell; but ashamed to expose
his weakness to the jeers of his compan-
ions, he sat out the feast, plying himself
with wine even more liberally than usual,
in order to drown his intrusive thoughts,
till in the gloom of a winter's morning,
he mounted his horse to ride home. Some
hours afterwards, the horse was found
with his saddle and bridle on, quietly
grazing by the road-side about half way
between the city and Mr. B.'s house;
whilst a few yards off lay the corpse of his
master.
"Now, as I have said in introducing
this story, it is no fiction, the circumstan-
ces happened as here related. An ac-
count of it was published at the time, but
the copies were bought up by the family.
Two or three, however, were preserved, and
the narrative has been reprinted.

The London correspondent of the Pitts-
burgh Commercial Journal, gives the fol-
lowing scene:
The other day a scene occurred on
Eden quay, in Dublin, quite character-
istic. A family had come from the inter-
ior; among them was a niece, who had
some money of her own.—She and a
"neighbor boy" were to have been mar-
ried; when the summons came it was the
time of Lent—so they agreed to postpone
the marriage till they reached America;
and she paid his passage.
While waiting in Dublin, the cowardly
swain *ried* The damsel applied to the
office to have the money refunded. No.
It was a contract, the betroth was there for
him. She stood on the deck and shout-
ed—
"Is there ever a decent boy would like
to come out to America. Here's a free
passage."
A hodman listened—a stout, likely
fellow; he flung his hod and mortar on the
ground, crying out, "Bedad, I'll go."
"Never say it twice," cried she, "be
quick, we're off."
In five minutes he had on his coat, and
with bundle in hand, was on deck, and
with his arm around her waist, away down
the river went the ship, on her voyage to
New York.
Electioneering.
The Columbus S. C. Temperance ad-
vocate, tells the following story, illustra-
tive of the science of "electioneering."
Col. Moore was a county candidate.
Near the middle of this county is a stream
which afforded many fine fish, was a mill-
dam, above which the fish could not get.
The people who lived in the upper end
of the county objected to this, because
they could get no fish, and in the lower end
they were opposed to the removal of the
dam, because it kept the fish among them.
To the former the Colonel pledged him-
self, should he be elected, to vote for the
removal. It happened, however, that he
was called upon to address the people in
the neighborhood of the mill-dam, and the
impression having gone abroad that he
was a little fishy upon this subject, he was
required by both parties to "define his
position." Here was a dilemma! The
Colonel attempted to evade the category,
but the people became still more clamor-
ous. At length, finding equivocation of
no avail, he raised himself upon his toes,
and exclaimed—"Feller-citizens! I am
an independent, flat-footed man and am
neither for nor against the mill-dam."

Terms of Advertising.

For 12 lines or less, 1st insertion,	75c
For each subsequent insertion,	25c
For half column 6 months,	\$14
" " 12 months,	12
For whole column 6 months,	18
" " 12 months,	25

A liberal deduction made for yearly adver-
tisements. When the number of time for con-
tinuing an advertisement is not specified, it will
be continued until ordered out and charged ac-
cordingly.

Select Poetry.

An Old Story.

The snow falls fast in the silent street,
And the wind is laden with cutting sleet;
And there is a pitiless glare in the sky,
As a fainting woman goes wandering by.

The rage that wraps her wasted form
Are frozen stiff in the perishing storm:
And she is so cold, that the snow flakes rest
Unmelted, upon her marble breast.

Al! who would believe that those rayless eyes
Were once as sunny as April skies?
And the flowers she plucked in the early spring,
Loved to be touched by so pure a thing!

'Tis past—and the fierce wind shrieking by,
Drowns the faint gasp of her parting sigh—
And lifeless she falls at the outer gate
Of him who has left her desolate!

Silently falls the snow on her face,
Clothing her form in its stainless grace,
As though God in his mercy, had willed that she
Should die in a garment of purity.

Scissorings.

A lady recently in speaking of her husband, who had failed in the poultry business, said that he had been heavily engaged in mercantile speculations in Turkey, and had been unfortunate.

"Daddy," said a young hopeful, "let's go up to the nine-pin alley and roll."

"Roll? boy what do you know about rolling?"

"I know about it? Why I'll roll your damned eyes out in less than ten minutes."

Purell, the famous English punster, was asked one evening to make a pun.—"Upon what subject, said he." "The king," said one of the company. "The king," said Purell, "the king is no subject."

The number of persons run over in the city of New York within the last year was 246.

Punch thinks that Mlle Wagner will execute but two musical passages in England. The one will be her passage from Hamburg to London, and the other her passage back again.

Generosity.—A young gentleman recently found himself in company with three young ladies, and generously divided an orange between them.

"You will rob yourself!" exclaimed one of the damsels.

"Not at all," replied the innocent, "I have three or four more in my pocket."

Dr. Johnson once dined with a scotch lady who had a hotch for dinner. After the Doctor had tasted it, she asked him if it was good.

"It is good for a hog, ma'am," said the Doctor.

"Then pray," said the lady, "let me help you to a little more."

A village pedagogue, in despair with a stupid boy, pointed to the letter A, and asked him if he knew it.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what is it?"

"I know her very well by sight, but swallow me if I can remember her name."

A lawyer at Poughkeepsie, was applied to during his lifetime, by an indigent neighbor, for his opinion on a question of law, in which the interests of the latter were materially involved. The lawyer gave his advice and charged the poor wretch three dollars for it.

"There is the money, said his client; 'it is all that I have in the world, and my family have been a long time without pork.'"

"Thank God," replied the lawyer, "my wife never knew the want of pork since we were married."

"Nor never will!" the countryman rejoined, "so long as she has a great hog as you are!"

The lawyer was so pleased with the smartness of the repartee, that he forgave the poor fellow and returned the money.

Smithers, says the Albany Dutchman, on going home the other night, was run against by a two story house which was chasing a lamp post up Canal street. On coming to, he thus reasoned with himself:

"Is that mad, (hiccup) or is it brains? (hiccup). Hat's mad, I'm mortally 'toasted.' If it's brains, I'm slightly dead, (hiccup) that's all."

When we left he was trying to purchase a free stone stop that it was unconstitutional to have awning posts out of doors after night fall.

"Bob, where is the state of matrimony?"

"It is one of the United States. It is bounded on the one side by hugging and kissing, and by eras and babies on the other. Its chief products are population, broomsticks, and staying out o' nights. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a north-west passage out of Paradise. The climate is rather sultry, till you pass the tropics of house keeping, when squally weather commonly sets in with sufficient power to keep all hands cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state, consult the first pair of blue eyes you run against."

NIGHT MARE.—The way to raise this animal, is very simple. Fifteen minutes before bed time cut up one dozen cold boiled potatoes, and a few slices of boiled cabbage, and five or six pickled cucumbers. Eat heartily, and wash down with a pint of Brown Stout. Undress and jump into bed. Lie flat on your back, and in about an hour or thereabouts, you will dream that the devil is sitting on your chest with the Barker Hill monument in his lap!

National.

Every nation has its good and bad national features; America probably possesses the handsomest and most regular set of any.

After that undoubted and flattering truth, let us come to another—a d—d bad feature; one which loses her the esteem of other nations.

In settling public, national quarrels, the Americans have proved that they are not to be licked. Glory to them for it. But they have a cowardly, dastard way of settling private musses, which all good men join in deprecating.

If two men quarrel, have a grievous tiff, we say—have a fair stand up fight. But that half a dozen should set upon one unfortunate fellow, is unmanly. We never thought to see descendants of a "ring and fair play" stock, practicing the "two upon one" system. But that is not the worst of it. Murderous weapons are allowed to be used. Now—it may be a despotic nation—but were we President of the United States, we would personally hang the first man (an aggressor) who employed a weapon on his brother man in civil warfare. It must be put a stop to.

If you must fight, why fire away. With return-on revolvers, Five knuckles working in a fray, Are honest quarrel resolvers.

BLIND TO HIS OWN INTEREST.—The St. Louis Intelligencer relates the following amusing incident as having occurred there a few days ago:

One of the Health's sprinkling wagons, used to dampen the streets of our city by water from a large reservoir, containing several hogheads, was proceeding slowly down Fourth Street, engaged in the laudable task of flooding the dust, when the attention of a raw Hoosier was attracted toward the singular looking vehicle.

"Hullo, stranger, said he, addressing himself quite audibly to the driver, 'you're losin' all of your water there!'"

No answer was made by the person addressed.

"I say, old hoss," said the Hoosier, "you're losin' your water right smart there, I tell you, and I'll be dog-on'd if your tub won't be dry, next you know."

The driver was still silent. The stranger again addressed John:

"Look here, you fool, don't you see that somethin' broke loose with your old eisen on wheels, and that all o' your water is leakin' out?"

Still the driver was silent, and the Hoosier turned away in disgust saying:

"I'll allow that that feller is the biggest fool I ever did see, but if he is so blind to his own interest as to throw his labor away in that thar way, let him do it and be damned."

THE UGLY FAMILY.—In one of the lower districts of the Palmetto State, there once lived a family of some six or seven persons, who were known far and wide as the "Ugly Family." One of them, Jake, was so "unspeakably" hard-favored that it made one feel as if he had bitten a green persimmon to look at him, and whenever he walked through the streets, the dogs slung their tails and sneaked off, too scared to bark.

The fame of this family spread through the country, and at last reached the ears of a Georgian who for a long time had held undisputed possession of the celebrated pen-knife. The individual at length determined to pay a visit to the ugly family, and endeavor to dispose of the aforesaid knife; so one morning he crossed the Savannah. About noon he saw a wagon ahead, and rode up to inquire the whereabouts of "the family."

"Hello, stranger," said he to a man walking by the side of the wagon.

"Hello, yourself," exclaimed the wagoner, turning around and disclosing a countenance so tremendously plain, that the Georgian almost dropped from his horse.

"I say," said the Georgian, recovering a little from the astonishment, "are you not Ugly Jake himself?"

The wagoner shook his head, and grinned a ghastly smile, that made him look like the nightmare personified.

"I'll bet you ten dollars that you are the ugliest man in the State," said the Georgian.

"Done!" said the wagoner; "come here." And going to the back of the wagon he called out, "Wake up, Jake, and put your head out here."

The Georgian, burning with curiosity, leaned forward, as the cover was raised slowly up. Suddenly his eyes fell upon a physiognomy so woefully, boundlessly, overpoweringly ugly, that it seemed to be formed out of the double extract of delirium tremens.

The horse snorted and started back in fright, threw his rider over his head, but the latter had scarcely touched the ground before he was mounted again. Throwing down the ten dollars and his pen-knife, without saying a word, "he struck a bee line for the Savannah," looking alternately over his shoulder, as long as the wagon remained in sight.

For several weeks past, a challenge has appeared in Bell's Life—"none accepting it"—to the effect that a member of one of the leading clubs in London will back "a young lady" for from £2000 to £5000, to ride with any other young lady in England, either on turnpike road, against time, on a course, or after the hounds.

Pin Money.

A down town merchant prince some time ago married a rustic belle from Orange county. The young bride was brought down to the city, and installed in one of the fine up town mansions. Leaving home

a few mornings since, Mr. ——— observed to his wife—

"My love, here is some pin money, if you wish to go a shopping to-day," and at the same time handed her over a hundred dollar bill.

"Lad my dear Charles," said the affectionate wife, "you men must think we women use a monstrous heap of pins; don't you know, love, you gave me fifty dollars on Monday for pin money. I laid out only five of it in pins, and I've enough now for five years."

Against a year goes round, the dear, unsophisticated creature, will find out that she is not half supplied with pins, and will use up as much pin money as any of her female associates.

PROSPECTUS OF THE LEBANON POST

Enough has been said and wrote upon the innumerable advantages arising out of having a newspaper in a County; I will not, therefore, enlarge upon this point. Feeling convinced that the people of Marion wish an establishment of the kind in their county, I have consented, after many solicitations, to make a trial; let us see what will be the result. I had partially made my arrangements to move upon the Ohio river, but if the people of Marion will show, by subscribing liberally for the "POST," that they want a paper, we will succumb to their wishes, and settle amongst them.

THE POST, will be strictly NEUTRAL in Politics and Religion, in all things else perfectly INDEPENDENT; expressing freely the views of the Editor and his Correspondents, on the passing events of the day, local matters, &c. I am decidedly in favor of Railroad communication in Kentucky, being firmly convinced that in that way alone, can our beloved State keep up with the advancement of the age and her older Sister-States. I am particularly in favor of a communication of this kind across the State, and thus giving us a direct intercourse with the great southern mart; being convinced that such an intercourse would redound to the benefit of all classes, and that the proposed route through Marion County is the best location in the state, and believe firmly that it can and will be run. We will advocate, conditionally, to the best of our ability, this truly beneficial enterprise and solicit the pens of others.

THE POST, will be dedicated to News, Agriculture, Tales, Poetry, Anecdotes, &c. &c. Nothing shall appear in its columns of a hurtful or demoralizing tendency to the mind; in a word, it shall be a FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE POST, will be issued weekly, on every Wednesday, on an imperial sheet at \$2 per year in advance, \$2 50 if paid in six months, or \$3 if the payment is delayed until the end of the year. Wishing to commence on the last of April or the first of May, I would be gratified to receive all of my prospectuses, crowded with names before that time.

W. W. JACK, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

3,000 POUNDS of clean Linen and Cotton RAGS wanted at the Printing Office, for which the highest price in CASH will be paid. may 5, 1f

Price of Candy Reduced. I AM NOW prepared and will sell CANDY By Wholesale, at 12 1/2 cents per lb. and at 15 cents the single pound. Also, I will furnish Wedding and Party CAKES at Louisville prices, without addition of carriage, and all Confectionaries at the very lowest prices.

S. A. BLE, Next door to the Mansion House, Bards own, Ky.

PROTECTION FIRE, MARINE AND INLAND INSURANCE, BY PROTECTION INSURANCE CO., OF Hartford, Conn.

THE undersigned, Agent for this old and reputable office, is always prepared to issue Policies, upon approved risks, on favorable terms.

E. F. SHACKELFORD, Agent for Lebanon and Marion county may 5.

NEW GOODS.

WE have just received direct from Philadelphia, a large and handsome stock of SPRING & SUMMER GOODS!!! selected with much care, and on the most favorable terms; which we will sell for cash, or to punctual dealers on our usual credit. Our friends and the public generally are requested to call and examine our stock.

All kinds of Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. L. A. SPALDING & CO.

LIFE INSURANCE.

THE undersigned, Agent for the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of La., is now prepared to take Risks on the Lives of individuals for a term of years or for Life. RISKS on the Lives of Negroes also taken on reasonable terms.

Pamphlets furnished, information given, and applications received by M. S. SHUCK, M.D. R. S. PETERS, Agt., Medical Examiner, for Marion County

LEBANON HOTEL.

J. H. KIRK, PROPRIETOR.

WOULD Respectfully announce to the Traveling Public, that he has just finished in a fine manner his Tavern Stand in Lebanon, where he will at all times be happy to entertain his friends and the public generally, and will spare no pains to make them comfortable when they put up with him.

His table is always supplied with the best market can afford. His bar contains the best of liquors, Cigars, &c., and his stable with the best provider, and attentive groom.

Buggies and horses always on hand to hire by the day or week. Horses kept by the day, week, or month, at very reasonable rates.

First Floor for sale at all times.

A. J. Green & Co.

A. J. GREEN. W. C. JARBOE.

A. J. GREEN & CO. GROCERS AND PRODUCE DEALERS.

One door East of Platt & Bosley, SPRINGFIELD KY.

New FAMILY GROCERY.

A. J. GREEN & CO.

WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Springfield and Washington Co., that they are in receipt of a large and well selected stock of Family Groceries of every variety, which they offer for sale low for cash, or exchange for Country Produce.

Dec. 20th. A. J. GREEN & CO.

Candies, Dates, Oranges, Apples, Kisses, Pruns, Lemons, Figs.

received and for sale by A. J. GREEN & CO.

SUNDRIES—30 Jars Pickles, 26 Jars Preserves, Fresh Peaches, Preserved Peaches and Quinces, Pea Nuts, Cream Nuts, Filberts and almonds, Oysters and Sardines, Soda Biscuits, &c., &c. received and for sale by A. J. GREEN & CO.

40 BBLs McKENZIE'S Family FLOUR received and for sale by A. J. GREEN & CO.

50 BUSH. HEMP SEED, for sale by A. J. GREEN & CO.

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St. Joseph's College,

BARDSTOWN, KY.

THIS Institution is situated in Bardstown. The site is beautiful and healthy; the buildings are stately and very extensive. The playing grounds are spacious and handsomely set with trees. The professors are from twelve to fifteen in number, and exclusively devoted to the instruction of those entrusted to their care.

Board, washing and tuition in all or any of the branches taught, per session of 10 1-2 months, \$130.00

Extra charges, at the option of the parents, are

1. For the use of Instruments in Natural Philosophy or Chemistry, \$10.00

2. For the class of Mineralogy and Geology, 5.00

3. For Music or Dancing, per quarter, each, 10.00

4. For Painting or Drawing, per quarter, each, 5.00

5. For Board in the College during the vacation, per week, 2.00

6. For use of bed and bedding, per session, 8.00

For further particulars apply, by letter, to the President.

N. B. The Collegiate exercises were resumed on the 2d of September.

THE BRITISH PERIODICALS.

AND THE

FARMER'S GUIDE.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO., No. 54 Gold street, New York.

CONTINUE to publish the four leading British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine; in addition to which they have recently commenced the publication of a valuable Agricultural work, called

"FARMER'S GUIDE TO SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE."

By HENRY STEPHENS, F. R. S., of Edinburgh, author of the "Book of the Farm," &c., &c.; assisted by JOHN P. NORTON, M. A., New Haven, Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, &c., &c.

This highly valuable work will comprise two large royal octavo volumes, containing over 1400 pages, with 18 or 20 splendid steel engravings, and more than 600 engravings on wood, in the highest style of the art, illustrating almost every implement of husbandry now in use by the best farmers, the best methods of plowing, planting, haying, harvesting, &c., &c., the various domestic animals in their highest perfection; in short the pictorial feature of the book is unique, and will render it of incalculable value to the student of Agriculture.

This work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the Steel engravings, and is sold at 25 cents each, or \$5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two.

The British Periodicals Re-published are as follows, viz:

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative).

The Edinburgh Review (Whig).

The North British Review (Free-Church).

The Westminster Review (Liberal), and Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory).

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. Blackwood, still under the masterly guidance of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Caxtons" and "My New Novel," (both by Bulwer), "My Peninsular Medal," "The Green Hand," and other serials, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by those publishers from the pages of Blackwood, AFTER IT HAS BEEN ISSUED BY MESSRS. SCOTT & CO., so that subscribers to the reprint of that Magazine may always rely on having the EARLIEST reading of these fascinating tales.

TERMS.

For any one of the four Reviews \$3 00

For any two do 5 00

For any three do 6 00

For all four of the Reviews 8 00

For Blackwood's Magazine 3 00

For Blackwood and three Reviews 9 00

For Blackwood and four Reviews 10 00

For Farmer's Guide (complete in 22 Nos. \$5 00

(Payment to be made in all cases in advance.)

CLUBBING.

A discount of twenty-five per cent. from the above prices will be allowed to Clubs ordering four or more copies of any one or more of the above works. Thus: 4 copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent to one address for \$9; 4 copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$30; and so on.